

Stick N Move

The Dayton Family

(Talking)

{Bootleg}I got some bad news for you Tony.

{Tony}Whut choo got?

{Bootleg}We lost the whole shipment.

{Tony}Whut you mean?

{Bootleg}We lost the whole shipment. The Columbian Drug Cartel intercepted the whole shipment.

{Tony}Those fuckin' guys every fuckin' time that happens! I told you fuckaz to Stick N Move N get tha fuck outta there.

I see lots of people gots to die tonight fuck (Fading).

(Bootleg) Part 2, 19 muthafuckin 96, Bootleg tha muthafuckin' rap Kapone, Ghetto E, & my nigga Shoestring, gonna Stick N Move & bust up yo ass fo' tha 9 6

My memories get haunted by events in tha past, had an outlet to be free from dirty visions at last. A brothaz out here stalking, but bitch you ain't no. I've been poppin' window panes, my brain ain't tha same no more, movin' just like a criminal, but my mind still carries me. I'm seeing the bloody images of tha tools that bury me. Skeletons they walk with me, while holding my right hand. My mother be weepin' N cryin' while I box with a deadman. Loc tha AK, spot a family & kill 'em all. Take a butcher knife, & spill some blood on tha fuckin' wall. Murder, you bitches better understand, fuck a plan, bring tha bitches down right where they stand. If you ever do that again, I wouldn't advice you to. 44 is good to go when I'm busting caps at fools. Takin' you hoes to school. The books N desks, no crooks or police sketch. You bitch & no arrest. You can try yo muthafuckin' best to stop a villain on a killing spree. I'm living it so fuckin' hard & so easy. Murder to tha first degree, gotta represent dividend, president, flint, is sweet to me like peppermint. You'll never find my fingerprints, so watch me getaway, murder victom, killer though, free to strike another day. Hurryed to runaway, to get some Yahjl back where I stay, tha fedz are like mosquitos in tha alley way. I'm goin' to tha thang, take tha pain, 'cause I'm a ghetto champ. Steal a quarter, & my whole neighborhood is like a prison camp, food stamps & drug dealz is all a nigga know. Strut & Kokane, got me addicted nigga pass tha blow. Pass that. Grab my glock to make my getaway smooth. Close your eyez, no surprise, bitch boom. Stick N Move...

CHORUS Mov'n N Mov'n out, take that cocaine out your house, sight that any. Here no evil see no evil, bitch N I done got away. Mov'n N Mov'n out, take that cocaine out your house, sight that any. Here no evil, see no evil, bit

(Shoestring) Gangsta from tha streets. Muthafucka don't make me bust ya, buck ya down. Quick to bury your ass & then I bust some, whut tha fuck you quick to put it down N away. Silencers be equipped so muthafucka there be no sound today. Bring you to war, so playa haters lock ya door. AK 47 locstas case up off tha floor. Riddlin' bout not can bout all tha stashes. 3 killaz with masses, all we leave is ashes. Take ya shit & dashes, move away in tha caskats, fo' a murder got me breakin' out in rashes. So we can reach N feel your ass, like hoes reachin' fo' ya clothes, ain't no rump fo' ya toes. People with ammo is creepin' down my block, str8'n with a glock, followed by a hollow point shot. Betta watch yo aaass, a killaz creepin' up from tha past, finger fast, & you be seein' fuckin' last. I'm a killa, so

don't fuck with this Grim Reaper, gonna go peep her, don't want to hit you with this street sweeper. Down where I'm callin, niggaz sellin' now you swellin'. Put it on them bitches, 'cause they always tellin'. Click tha stick, so we be screamin' Fuck-A-lot, little state which you ain't never saw from tha straw. So whut tha fuck us hustlaz thinkin? Drinkin? Thinkin? Been thinkin better fuck your mutha. Fuck that nigga with Shoestring. Slap it across your hands & watch ya screamin' my polos bloody, my case was lookin' kinda muddy. Stub with this bald head, fuck you dred, leave you dead, through tha swamp. I'm so high, bitchin, tension, still kickin' slim shit. S to tha H to tha O-E String 96 puttin' trix playin' duece with dicks off that ass. So skutch me as I drop my grooves as I pop that clip nigga lots. Stick N Move...

CHORUS

(Ghetto E) Ughhh, rat a tat to tha tat, I'm gonna take him out his misery. Put his ass in a box & leave him as a memory. See when you sleep, that's when we creep. Get on your toes, knock you off your feet, damn, beep, N damn I peep. then I know him or I, so I got him. Master Mass took my shit, then I shot him. Left him bloody with no money. Cut his pocket, cocked, seen his head, dropped it, popped it. Now I was rollin' like a muthafuckin' bowling ball. Who's 10 whut? I'm sending him to tha graveyard. Time to play, Eric Dorseys on another mission, I called him Tony, Cody's in tha kitchen. Them niggaz talkin', conversation on tha phone. Killa gone grabbed my chrome, I'm in his home. That get it gone, put him in a headlock till I heard him choke. So I used my kane, whip & slit his throat. Jody Jody's dead, now this shit is smooth. Makin' money to get paid, Eric Dorseys on tha move.

CHORUS